

Nothing so heauy as these woes of mine.

Enter Richard, and Somerset to fight.

Rich. So lye thou there:
For vnderneath an Ale-house paltry signe,
The Castle in S. Albons, Somerset
Hath made the Wizard famous in his death:
Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathfull still:
Priests pray for enemies, but Princes kill.

Fight. Excursions.

Enter King, Queene, and others.

Qu. Away my Lord, you are slow, for shame away.

King. Can we outrun the Heauens? Good Margaret stay.

Qu. What are you made of? You'l nor fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisedome, and defence,
To giue the enemy way, and to secure vs
By what we can, which can no more but flye.

Alarum a furre off.

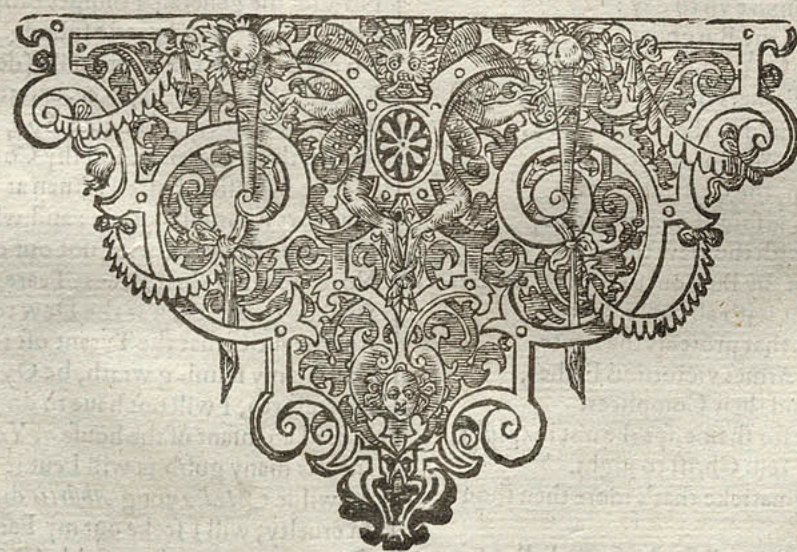
If you be tane, we then should see the bottome
Of all our Fortunes: but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We shall to London get, where you are lou'd,
And where this breach now in our Fortunes made
May readily be stopt.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my hearts on future mischeefe set,
I would speake blasphemy ere bid you flye:
But flye you must: Vncurable discomfite
Reignes in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away for your releefe, and we will liue
To see their day, and them our Fortune giue.
Away my Lord, away.

Exeunt

FINIS.



The third Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Duke of YORKE.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Alarum.

Enter Plantagenet, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Mount-
ague, Warwick, and Souldiers.

Warwicke.

Wonder how the King escap'd our hands?
Pl. While we pursu'd the Horsmen of y North,
He flyly stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,

Whose Warlike eares could neuer brooke retreat,
Chear'd vp the drouping Army, and himselfe.
Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford all a-breast

Charg'd our maine Battailes Front: and breaking in,
Were by the Swords of common Souldiers slaine.

Edw. Lord Staffords Father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slaine or wounded dangerous.

I clef his Beauer with a down-right blow:

That this is true (Father) behold his blood.

Mount. And Brother, here's the Earle of Wiltshires
Whom I encountred as the Battels ioynd. (blood,

Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.

Plant. Richard hath best desert'd of all my sonnes:
But is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

Nor. Such hope haue all the line of Iohn of Gaunt.

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henries head.

Warw. And so doe I, victorious Prince of Yorke.

Before I see thee seated in that Throne,

Which now the House of Lancaster vsurpes,

I vow by Heauen, these eyes shall neuer close.

This is the Pallace of the fearefull King,

And this the Regall Seat: possesse it Yorke,

For this is thine, and not King Henries Heires.

Plant. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will,

For hither we haue broken in by force.

Nor. VVee'll all assist you: he that flies, shall dye.

Plant. Thankes gentle Norfolk, stay by me my Lords,
And Souldiers stay and lodge by me this Night.

They goe vp.

Warw. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,
Vnlesse he seeke to thrust you out perforce.

Plant. The Queene this day here holds her Parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her counsaile,

By words or blowes here let vs winne our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this House.

V. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,

Vnlesse Plantagenet, Duke of Yorke, be King,

And bathfull Henry depos'd, whose Cowardize
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.

Plant. Then leaue me not, my Lords be resolute,
meane to take possession of my Right.

Warw. Neither the King, nor he that loues him best,

The proudest hee that holds vp Lancaster,

Dares stirre a Wing, if Warwick shake his Bells.

He plant Plantagenet, root him vp who dares:

Resolue thee Richard, clayme the English Crowne.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland,
Westmerland, Exeter, and the rest.

Henry. My Lords, looke where the sturdie Rebell sits,
Euen in the Chayre of State: belike he meanes,
Backt by the power of Warwick, that false Peere,
To aspire vnto the Crowne, and reigne as King.
Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy Father,
And thine, Lord Clifford, & you both haue vow'd reuenge
On him, his sonnes, his fauorites, and his friends.

Northumb. If I be not, Heauens be reueng'd on me.
Clifford. The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourne in
Steele.

Westm. What, shall we suffer this? lets pluck him down,
My heart for anger burnes, I cannot brooke it.

Henry. Be patient, gentle Earle of Westmerland.

Clifford. Patience is for Poultroones, such as he:

He durst not sit there, had your Father liu'd.

My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament

Let vs assaile the Family of Yorke.

North. Well hast thou spoken, Cousin be it so.

Henry. Ah, know you not the Citie fauours them,

And they haue troupes of Souldiers at their beck?

Westm. But when the Duke is slaine, they'll quickly
flye.

Henry. Farre be the thought of this from Henries heart,
To make a Shambles of the Parliament Houle.

Cousin of Exeter, frownes, words, and threats,

Shall be the Warre that Henry meanes to vse.

Thou factious Duke of Yorke descend my Throne,

And kneele for grace and mercie at my feet,

I am thy Soueraigne.

Yorke. I am thine.

Exet. For shame come downe, he made thee Duke of
Yorke.

Yorke. It was my Inheritance, as the Earldome was.

Exet. Thy